Small Town Girl
Meets
Big City Vampire
makedammsu

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Small Town Girl meets Big City Vampire

By cerisito

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Chapter 1

Just a few more hours, I continuously told myself as I waited for my plane to arrive. The planes destination would be New York. I almost couldn't believe it, the only thing that reminded me that this was all true is the plane ticket I clutched tightly in my hand. I've waited for this moment for most of my teenage years, meaning from 12 to right now. That would be 6 years. Huh, so dreams really come true when you work hard for it and trust me I worked rigorously for this. All night and day, sir!

My parents had left earlier, a half hour earlier. I lied to them and said that the previous plane was the one I was boarding. I don't lie to them in a daily basis, not

that it would matter since I won't see them anymore but I had to do this without them breathing on my back, literally. They had always looked over what I was doing; I constantly had moments where I couldn't breathe. It was almost as if I was suffocating, I had to work hard to keep myself from gasping for air.

Once I go to New York and start college as a nurse, I'll be free from them. I'll cut off all my ties with them and I'll finally be my own person. They won't be able to stop me.

"Flight #225 departing for New York JFK Airport in 45 minutes. The plane has just landed. Please do not miss your flight. Have a good day." A man's voice said on the intercom.

I looked at my ticket and it said Flight #225. I didn't really need to look at it to know it was my flight. I've been staring at the plane ticket for the past week. I had all the patterns, words, animations, and numbers on the ticket memorized. I even scanned it so I could put it in my diary.

I got on the plane and took out my psp. I put on my headphones and clicked on the music folder. I chose the second song on the folder and it just happened to be Playing God by Paramore.

I closed my eyes and recited the human bones in my head: Cranium, Mandible, Clavicle, Scapula, Sternum...

I opened my eyes to the sound of a woman talking over the intercom.

"Please have a good day here in the lovely state of New York!"

I must have fallen asleep, that was a fast flight. I can't believe I fell asleep on the whole flight to New York but come to think of it, I haven't got much sleep since I received my plane ticket.

I grabbed my messenger bag and walked out of the airplane, out of the airport.

I started looking for the bright yellow banana taxis. I always thought of bananas when I see taxis. It's just so...yellow!

I spotted the line of taxis in what seemed like the entrance. I hopped into one.

"St. Joseph's College of nursing, please" I told the taxi driver courteously.

Yes, I'm studying to be a Nurse. My parents were more than pleased that I chose to be a nurse and for once, we actually agreed on something. They were more than eager to pay for my tuition and dorm fees. I think that this explains why I was reciting the human bones while listening to Paramore.

I looked out of the window. It was already night and the city lights were all on. It was a wonderful view, much different from my hometown. It looked so eventful and alive whereas back in my hometown all the lights would be off and there would be no sign of life.

We passed the city and everything was quieter. For 5 minutes, it was like that and then the cab stopped. I looked at the meter and in red numbers it said $70.01

I gave the man his cash.

I got out of the taxi and waited for the taxi driver to open the trunk. While waiting, I noticed a few people walking around the are. I figured that they were just students getting out of their classes. The sound of he trunk popping open pulled me from my thoughts. I waited for the taxi driver to get out of the cab, I was hoping that he would help me take out my luggages but he didn't. What a jerk.

I was in the middle of lifting my very heavy luggage when it suddenly turned lighter.

"Wha-?" I said to myself. In a second, somebody pulled the luggage off my hands.

"A petite lady like yourself shouldn't be left to carry such massive luggage. Please let me help you," an insanely handsome guy said.

I think that insanely handsome would be an insult. He's drop dead gorgeous!

It was already dark and I can't really see much. The nearby lamppost didn't provide that much light but I could tell that he had black hair or really dark brown hair. I could also see that his features are just heaven

made. Those high cheek bones, that nose, and those teasing lips. It was just too bad that I couldn't tell what eye color he had...

He smiled at me. His teeth were perfect. I could see them clearly because the light from the lamppost just managed to hit his mouth and teeth when he smiled. His teeth were so white and straight but two of them were somewhat sharp looking.

Chapter 2

Author's note:

I'm sorry if this chapter is a little boring. It's just that I had to describe the dorm building so much and I still don't think that you guys would understand how the house is outlined.

He lifted my two luggages out of the taxi trunk. He did it with such ease that I wondered how strong he could possibly be.

We walked up the hill, the sexy stranger carrying both of my luggages while I was just carrying my

messenger bag. I wanted to carry at least one of the big suitcases but he just wouldn't let me.

A few minutes later I was already tired from the walk and my right shoulder was aching. I took a little peek to my left and noticed that he wasn't even tired! At least he didn't look like it. I expected him to be panting from exhaustion but he was just walking calmly as if we were taking a walk down the park in the middle of a nice day.

I looked at the dorm numbers 400, 500, 600... That's my dorm building!

I poked his arm to get his attention. I didn't want to break the comfortable silence that we seemed to have going on. After two light pokes, he turned and looked down at me because he was a whole head taller than my 5'2". I pointed at the Victorian style building with the 600 placard and he nodded.

We turned right and walked towards my dorm building.

I didn't have my key yet so I had to ring the doorbell. We waited for a few seconds.

"Coming!" A girl's voice said behind the door.

Then a slim, model figured girl opened the door for us. Her eyes widened a little bit when she saw the sexy stranger standing behind me, I don't blame her. She smiled at us and I do mean at both of us, not just at the handsome guy standing behind me. Wow, she must be used to seeing sexy guys like him.

"You must be our new roomie! I'm glad that you found the building but you came here somewhat late. I was starting to worry. Anyways, come in!" She motioned for us to get in.

A slightly cold hand held my arm. I turned my head and the sexy guy was holding my right arm.

I turned around to meet his eyes.

"I'm glad that you found your dorm, Amore." He said, breaking the silent spell that we had. Despite the disappointment I felt about the broken silent spell, I blushed enormously when he called me Amore. It just seemed too intimate since we just met each other. He must be the romantic type, not that I'm complaining.

"Oh, I am too. Come in, I'll fix you something to drink. You know, as a thank you for bringing me all my heavy belongings to my dorm building." I said politely even though I was extremely happy that his hand stayed where it was.

"I would love to but I have somewhere I need to be." He seemed sincere, I knew that he wasn't lying just to get away from me.

"Oh, of course. I'm sorry from keeping you from your business." I said with a little too much sadness in my voice.

"I'm not. I was happy to accompany you here." His hands slid down to my hand and he kissed it, never breaking eye contact.

"Well, I must go. Goodnight, Amore." He let go of my hand and started walking away.

"Wait! I don't even know your name and what if I don't ever see you again..."

He stopped and turned his head around. I just wish I had my phone. It was picture perfect.

"Logan Lancer. I will see you again, Amore. That's a promise." He said then started walking again.

I watched him walk down the hill and only went inside when I couldn't see him anymore.

When I entered the dorm building it was a straight hallway full of paintings. I walked straight and at the end there was a living room and a kitchen. This elegant staircase separated it. There was a door on the left and a wall to the right, probably rooms.

The girl who opened the door for me was sitting on a red sofa in the living room. She was watching an episode of one tree hill.

I walked towards the living room, she turned around and noticed me.

"Hey! You finally came in the house." She beamed at me.

"I was only gone for a few seconds." I corrected her.

"More like 15 minutes! Seriously." She told me while rolling her eyes.

I stood at the front door looking at Logan for 15 minutes. Whoa, I seemed like a little school girl in love. That's not a good thing. I'm here to study and gain independence from my parents, not fall in love.

"So this is our dorm. It's really just full of rooms, some bathrooms, this living room, and the kitchen. There are two rooms downstairs and a bathroom. If you walk past the living room there's the bathroom. There are two rooms and bathrooms upstairs. That's where I live and there's the room on the third floor. That's your room. You must be rich because that room is expensive but really pretty, totally worth the dollars."

I nodded to what she said. It's not that I'm anti-social but I'm still new here and I'm not good with opening up to people.

I lived in a small town where people knew you from when you were a baby so there was no need to open up at all.

She remained smiling at me and if I was right, there was some kind of admiration in those eyes too.

"What?" I asked her.

"Oh. nothing. I was just thinking of how lucky you are." She said. Now that's weird, just because I have the largest room in the house doesn't mean I'm lucky.

"Thanks?" I said uncertainly.

"I'm talking about the boy, no man, you were with. He's like part of the most popular people in this college. They live at the top of the hill. Their kind of like a sorority, they have to accept you so you can live with them. Well, like us too."

"We're a sorority?" I asked incredulously.

"No, silly! It's just that you have to have something in common with the rest of the people in your dorm so that you can live with them. Like for example, everybody in this house are actually small town girls. So you have to be a small town girl to live here. For them... well we're not sure what you have to be to live with them," She said while flipping the channels, trying to find another show she likes.

"Don't you just have to be super popular?" This was getting interesting and I was starting to get the idea that I could actually be friends with this girl.

"Well, they are super popular but there are also just the normal popular people. You know, the cheerleaders and jocks. Most of them have tried to live in the dorm but they didn't get accepted. Some were so desperate they even offered money. So there's the super popular people and the just popular people in this college. Weird, huh?"

"Yeah, that's weird" I told her truthfully. "Can you show me my room? I'm kind of tired already. I just want to go to sleep"

She nodded and we walked up two flights of stairs. On the second stair, there was actually this huge and heavy looking handcrafted door. The kind where you have to push two wooden doors to open. It was identical to the front door but less extravagant.

"This door has it's own lock. I was entrusted to give the lock to you, don't worry I didn't make a copy of it." She handed me a nickel-plated Victorian key, it looked silver thanks to the nickel plate. I should buy

a lightweight bead chain so that I could put this key on it. Kind of like a 'Key to my heart' pendant.

I put the key inside the keyhole and turned it clockwise. I put both my hands on the two doorknobs, turned it, and pushed the door open.

Through the other side of the door there was a bed, a desk, and a flat screen TV inside the bed. The desk was on an elevated area. It was on the corner and it just made the study area feel important.

On the middle of the room was a normal dark mahogany bed with the roof on top. The TV was inside the bed. I loved it, it was downright awesome.

The bathroom was to the left, it had a separate bath and shower. When I saw it, I thought it was just fake marble but then I touched it.

"Omg, is this marble?!" I asked the girl.

"Yep! I told you, this room is worth the dollars!" She chirped at me.

I walked over to the right side of the room and sure enough it was a walk in closet. A huge one at that.

I turned towards the girl and told her that I really needed to sleep. She nodded at me and told me that her name was Missa. Thank goodness she told me her name; I was starting to feel guilty for continuously calling her 'girl'

I slowly walked to my bed, which was between these two huge windows, and plopped myself down.

Before I knew it, I drifted off to sleep.

I must've been having a good dream since I dreamt that I saw Logan sitting on my bed and looking at me with longing. I felt myself smiling and he smiled back at me.

*The Next Day

I woke up with a sudden start. It was already morning.

"Oh SHIT!" I got up from my bed and ran to my messenger bag. I frantically looked for my phone. I turned it on and it said 10:00AM

My class starts in exactly 30 minutes!

I don't even know where my classes are. Thirty minutes is not enough to get ready and look for my class in this huge campus.

I looked around the room for my two suitcases. They weren't there, Omg I didn't even get to bring them upstairs. I opened the large door and ran as fast as I could towards the front door, the place where I left my suitcases.

I opened it and looked for some clothes, some necessities, and my laptop. I left the laptop but took my clothes and necessities upstairs. I threw my clothes on the bed.

I walked with certain speed towards the bathroom. I brushed my teeth and took a very quick shower. I wrapped a towel around my body and got out of the bathroom.

I put my clothes on and ran downstairs with my messenger bag. Missa was in the kitchen cooking something.

"Good Morning!" She said with the same chirpiness she had yesterday.

"'Morning, do you have a bike? I really need it." I asked her desperately.

"Yeah, it's actually out there somewhere on the front lawn."

I grabbed my laptop from the floor where I left it just now and looked for the bike.

As soon as I found it, I got on it and started biking downhill. It was a scary ride because I kept leaning to the right due to my messenger bag. Plus, it was going downhill so I didn't want to go too fast . I kept my hands on the brakes for safety reasons.

Chapter 3

Author's note:

So here's chapter 3!

Enjoy~

After a few minutes of getting lost and asking some people for direction, I finally found my classroom.

I breathed in and out, trying to calm myself. I turned the knob on the door pushed the door slightly. I peeked inside and breathed a sigh of relief. The door was at the very back of the classroom. There were a lot of chairs and a white screen in front of the

classroom. It reminded me of an auditorium, you know, in movies and shows. I've never seen a real auditorium before. Hello? I'm a small town girl.

I silently sneaked in the classroom, using my awesome ninja skills. I am Korean, after all. I took a seat on the very back row of the middle section. There was another guy sitting there but he was all the way on the other side.

I took my laptop out and made myself comfortable on my seat.

"Miss who just entered the classroom, may I please know your name?" The professor asked. He had a deep voice and that's the only way I knew he was a man. I didn't bother looking at him before because I was too busy being a ninja. Now I think that I failed since he saw me.

Now everybody's looking at the door and looking around to see who the late girl was. I pretended looking around so that nobody would know it was I. It was no use, the professor kept on staring at me and I just couldn't stand it anymore.

"My name is Andrea Kim," I said nervously "sir." I added after a few seconds.

"Are you the new college student who just came from a small town?" He asked in a not-so-strict way.

"Yes, I am."

"Then your lateness will be excused, for today only."

"But that's not fair! I was late and I'm also a new student!" A whiny voice from somewhere in the room said.

"Yes, Miss Julia, it is fair. Andrea here just came landed in New York yesterday and didn't get to tour the school unlike you." He said so sternly that it surprised me. Hm, do I sense favoritism or what?

The whiny voiced girl whose name was Julia turned to me and glared. I ignored her, it's not my fault that the professor likes me better now is it?!

After two hours of lectures and note taking, the professor dismissed us. I was bummed since I find history very interesting and the professor actually made it sound very entertaining.

I slowly got up from my soft cushioned seat. What? Two hours of sitting makes your butt feel numb.

Almost everybody was gone, including that Julia girl; let's hope she's not waiting for me to get out of class to claw my eyes out.

"Miss Kim? Please come to my desk, I need to talk to you." The professor said while I was making sure I had all my stuff.

I pursed my lips and walked down to his desk.

"I know full well that you haven't had time to tour the school. I'd be honored to tour you around. Just call me your private tour guide!" He laughed at his own joke and if I didn't know any better, I would think that this professor is trying to ask me out.

"Thank you, professor, but I don't want to interrupt your very busy schedule." I gave him the most possible polite rejection I could think of at the moment and notice that I emphasized professor when I said it, smart move, right?

"But I must insist, as a professor this is part of your job." He said persistently.

"But..." I said, struggling to find another word to say. I watched chick flick movies before but the only rejection I've ever truly learned is the polite rejection, people usually take the hint. "I don't want you to push yourself, professor."

"Nonsense! So just meet me here after school. I would be extremely disappointed if you don't show up." He said with his seductive lips. "By they way, it's Professor Stevens." He placed both of his hands on my right hand and held it. I instantly stiffened, his hands were cold, colder than mine. They really need to fix the heating in this classroom.

"I'll be here." I said truthfully while pulling my hand out of his and then left the room.

I sighed to myself.

I just got myself into a tour date with my history professor. How wrong is that?

All of a sudden, Logan's face pops up in my head. Oh, how I wish I could see him right now.

Wait, what?! No, I really shouldn't be thinking like this. Woman up, Rhea!

I sighed again to myself.

I walked around the school campus to familiarize it in my brain. I was nearing the courtyard, that's when I saw him. Logan. He was standing near to a tree, probably finding shade in the tree.

I smiled to myself, as much as I hate to admit it, I actually really wanted to see him. As I looked closer, I couldn't help but notice that there was something different about him. He just seems different in the dark. In the dark, he looks dangerous and enticing, don't get me wrong, he is enticing right now but from where I'm at, he doesn't look dangerous.

I walked closer towards him and gasped. He was smoking! Let me tell you one thing, I hate smokers, I hate the smell of smoke, and I never get why people would smoke when they know it's bad for you. My dad smoked but thank goodness that my mother wouldn't allow him to smoke in the house.

Even though smoking makes him look somewhat dangerous, it wasn't the same dangerous aura he had last night.

I quickly turned around and walked the opposite direction from the courtyard.

If you liked it, please vote, comment, and become a fan. Thank you so much for reading!

Chapter 4

*I know I haven't posted in a while. I'm deeply sorry. Please forgive me!

Oh, I think I just found this pretty cool show. It's called "Valemont." You can watch it on mtv (dot) com. It has that creepy vibe going on but it has vampires in it and the story is catchy. Check it out!

I tried riding the bicycle in the dorm hill, which resulted in me almost busting my head open. It is incredibly hard to pedal the bike when you're going up the hill, not to mention the fact that I kept swaying to the right thanks to my messenger bag.

Thanks messenger bag, you never cease to fail me. (Here's your cue to laugh at my sarcasm.)

In the end, I got off the bicycle and held the steering wheel to push it up the hill. It wasn't that tiring, I think that I'm already getting used to all the manual labor around here.

A thought popped into my head. I know why they made the dorm path a hill! It's so that students will get their daily exercise. I've heard about college students gaining weight as soon as they go to college because nobody makes them food anymore, resulting to take-outs. We all know what take outs do to us!

As I analyzed all the possibilities to why they made the dorm path a hill, I reached my dorm building.

I dropped the bike in the lawn (that's where I found it!) and opened the door to the dorm. A mouth-watering aroma of spaghetti hit my nose and I started drooling or at least make more saliva than usual.

I half ran into the kitchen to find Missa draining some sort of noodle.

"Smells delicious," I told her truthfully. "What are those noodles?" I asked her. I've never seen noodles like that in my life. It wasn't spaghetti noodles and I wondered what it was.

"Its penne noodles, never heard of it?" She asked me

"Never, it sounds so foreign!"

"Well, yeah!" She laughed. "My spaghetti might be a little spicy, so I'm just warning you right now before you eat it."

"I love spicy!"

Missa handed me a plate full of penne noodles with spaghetti sauce on top and two meatballs.

I told her my thanks and stabbed the penne noodles with my fork.

"Hmmm!" I moaned from the deliciousness. It was spicy, just a little over the hot side, and I could taste the delicious taste of oregano. Plus, if I was right, there was some sugar in the spaghetti too. Missa is a great cook!

"It's delicious, Missa." I told her honestly. "Are you in culinary?"

"Thank you, that really means a lot to me!" She answered. "And no, I'm actually studying to be a veterinarian."

"Well, with your cooking you could be a qualified cook!"

Missa's POV:

'Wow, this girl can take the heat." I think to myself.

Nobody else can stand my ultra hot spaghetti sauce. Her lips are now red, curving up in a smile. Her twinkling honey brown eye smiling in the shape of the crescent moon.

They were so bright, so innocent that it just made me feel guilty....

Back to Rhea's POV:

I decided to take a little walk after I ate lunch with Missa. It's not that I'm weight conscious, I just felt like walking and exploring my surroundings.

The dorm hill was exquisite. At first glance, you might think that it's an expensive neighborhood; you would never be able to tell that it's a dorm hill! The dorm buildings look like they're houses, big houses. The houses got bigger and more stunning as you go up the hill. Probably because the farther up your dorm building is, the more popular hence the richer you are.

I heard some whistles from boys on my way up the hill; the whistles seemed to increase as I walked farther up the hill. Apparently, the farther up you go the more players you see.

I continued walking up the hill until I ran into a white fountain; there was nowhere else to walk. The fountain probably signaled the fact that this is the end of the street, turn around. I sat down on the fountains side and stared at the concrete wall. It had stones in them and it looked unique.

For at least five minutes, I just sat there staring at the wall. I know that I probably seem weird for staring at walls but I just tend to do it. Don't judge.

I sighed and got ready to go. That's when I realized there were stairs at the ends of the concrete wall. It's not that I'm blind; it's just that the stairs were discreetly there. I think that they designed it in this way so you won't be able to tell there's actually stairs.

Then it clicked. I was staring at the wall because I knew there was something that's supposed to be there, the super popular's dorm building!

"Amore?" A sultry familiar voice from above said. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that he was an angel, but angels don't smoke.

I looked up and saw Logan.

I couldn't help but smile at him. He was standing at the top of the concrete wall. As soon as he figured out that, it was I he ran down and hugged me.

The hug seemed far too intimate for me but I still hugged him back anyways.

"I told you that I would see you again!" He said with triumph in his voice.

"Well, I was actually just heading back to my dorm." I teased

"What? Really? Let me walk you home then."

We started to walk downhill. We talked about stuff like our classes, our goals, and our teachers. But I was a little disappointed when we didn't hold hands. I mean if he can hug me, we can hold hands right? Ugh, I'm sorry. My way of thinking gets distorted when I'm around Logan...

All in all, we just clicked. There was that special connection of.... Something.

And we just had to reach my dorm. I couldn't invite him in because I had that appointment (if you could call it that) with Professor Stevens.

"I would invite you in but I need to go somewhere." I told him truthfully.

"Ohh." He said. It's ironic how the last time he had to go somewhere, now it's me who has to go somewhere.

What are you trying to tell me, FATE?

"I will see you around again and you know that's a promise that won't be broken!" He said optimistically. He sounded almost like a normal teenage boy.

The door to my dorm suddenly opened. Professor Stevens appeared with his long light brown hair and chocolate eyes. He smiled at me.

"Hello, Miss Kim. I came to pick you up for our meeting. I hope that I didn't disrupt you." He pointedly looked at Logan.

"Ah! No, of course you didn't... umm sir." I immediately said to the professor, I turned to Logan. "I'm sorry, Logan but I really have to go. I'll see you around." I waved him goodbye.

The professor and I started to walk down the hill. He sneakily wrapped his right arm around me. My shoulders immediately tensed up, what was I to do? I didn't want to escape from him because that would be rude but I also didn't want to shrug his arm off for he will surely be stronger than me. I felt scared and weak.

"Hey!" Logans heavenly voice shouted. He seemed close by. I hope that he helps me!

He easily tore the professors arms off me.

"The last time I checked that's called sexual harassment. If you know what's best for you, you won't touch her ever again." Logans voice turned deadly but he smiled his wonderful smile when he looked at me. "Amore you must be freezing with those flip flops on. Let me take you inside to warm you up." He took my freezing hand in his equally freezing hands and we walked away from the shocked professor.

With that, my appointment with the professor was cancelled.

* Please vote.

If you can please spread the word about me.

And please please comment.

The full on description of the professor would be on the next chapter.

I know that I didn't really describe him all that well on this chapter. I promise I'll describe him really well next chapter, seriously!

Vote, please!

Chapter 5

*Hello, dear readers. I'm back!

Here is a few answers to some questions:

-I'm sorry to say that the professor is not some kind of rapist. Just a perv!

-Amore is Italian for love. We don't always have to call somebody snuggy-bears to make them feel special. All it takes is a foreign word for love C:

-If you have any questions, please feel free to ask by comments!

To: VampyreWitchMagik

- I read your comment about hummingbirdab sending you a message to read my book. Would you please tell her that I thank her for reccomending my story?

We had already settled in my room. We as in Logan and I.

I cannot believe that I have a boy in my room!

If my parents ever found out, they would slap me. One parent for each cheek. They would talk about how I'm never going to be married to a respectable family. If I weren't an only child right now, they would without any regret disown me. But I'm an only child now so they would try to make me look more "respectable".

The good thing is that they would never find out. The only one who saw Logan and I go in my room was Missa and I hardly think she would babble about this. I trust here!

"Hello?" Logan said in a questioning voice.

"Yes?" I answered him.

"Oh, nothing really. I was just wondering what you're thinking about." He said curiously.

"Just stuff" I said, trying to make him uninterested in my thoughts.

"What kinds of stuff, Amore?" He said seductively.

He might not have said it seductively but whenever he says Amore, it makes me blush then melt. So, I blushed and melted.

"Family stuff" I finally told him.

"Do you miss them?" He asked. That question surprised me. I did go to a college in New York to escape my parents but do I miss them?

"Yes... there are some relatives that I miss terribly but for the most part I don't," I told him truthfully, so truthfully that tears were threatening to fall.

Logan knew better than to continue the conversation. After all, a girl crying just scares boys. He just made himself comfortable by on my huge kind sized bed.

I didn't know what he was thinking about but in a blink of an eye, he was across the room hugging me. I contained and fought my tears until they were gone but I knew that later on I would cry myself to sleep. Logan gave the top of my head a quick kiss. I almost didn't notice it.

He was so tall that his chin could rest on my head when we hugged. A few minutes after my tears subsided, we reluctantly pulled away from each other. I'm not sure if he was reluctant but I sure didn't want to let him go.

We played around all afternoon (don't think wrong!) We surfed the web and added each other on MySpace. I was surprised to find out that Logan had at least 2,000 friends. When he saw my shocked expression, he merely shrugged and said that they were mostly students at this school. To me, that's the whole population of my hometown.

We talked about our life. Him talking about the exciting city life and me talking about the simple small town life. I thought that his life was very interesting, with the parties, small study groups, and

living at a dorm that's full of relatives. He said that most kids living in his dorm are related to each other in one way or another.) I tried to see myself in his point of view.

All I could see was a simple small town petite girl. I sighed and shook my head.

Logan tucked a part of my auburn hair behind my left ear.

"You're very pretty. Your eyes are a dazzling pair of hazel and I swear they captivate me." He stared into my eyes. "I know that auburn isn't your natural color, but it's a good choice." He tucked my hair behind my right ear. "I don't think I can do your lips any justice with words." He leaned in to kiss me. I closed my eyes and he kissed me... on my nose.

That had surprised me; I thought that I would lose my first kiss then and there. I really wouldn't have minded.

We were sitting cross-legged in front of each other. Logan held my two hands in his. My hands seemed so mall compared to his. His hands were not

particularly warm but it wasn't cold either. It was kind of room temperature.

"I swear I would make your first kiss special." He said with confidence. I really felt like he had just read my thoughts but I don't think that possible.

He smiled and I couldn't help but smile back.

Then my cellphone started ringing, it said that I had class in 8PM, which was in 30 minutes. I shot up.

"I have class!" I told him frantically. I started looking for my messenger bag and even bothered putting my black uggz on.

When I was done, Logan was patiently holding my bedroom door for me. We walked down the hill together, our shoulders sometimes brushing against each other.

While I was nearing my classroom, Logan was still walking with me/

"Umm, are you walking me to my class?" I asked him shyly.

"No... this is the way to my class." He answered with tension in his voice.

Another 45 seconds passed and we were still walking together.

"I think we may have the same class." I told him. He didn't look all that happy to know that I was in his class. That made me more suspicious than angry. Maybe he has a girlfriend in that class!

Logan opened and held the classroom door for me. He followed me closely.

"Look! Logan brought a snack!" A girl's voice said excitedly.

looked at Logan and he didn't seem to have any snacks on him.

Logan stepped in front of me in a protective stance.

"You may not touch her." He said with authority in his voice. The girl who seemed excited turned her smile upside down.

*How was it? Was it good, exceptional, bad, or okay?

Anyways vote, comment, and become a fan.

Comments make me really happy. Seriously, it brightens my day up to see a new comment on my uploads.

Chapter 6

Everything turned quiet. All eyes were on me. All those eyes varied from black to silver though there were some occasional blues. Those eyes had so many emotions from curiosity, lust, anger, hate, and jealousy.

One thing could not escape my thoughts. They were beautiful. They were all very beautiful. Most of them were wearing fancy formal clothing but some kept it casual.

Almost all the guys had hair below their chin but there were some exceptions. Their eyes had black

bags under them but instead of ruining their beauty it seemed that it enhanced that beauty.

The girls either had short or long hair. It was never medium. They all had make up on and it seemed like it enhanced their beauty to the max. Their eyes, unlike the boys, didn't have bags underneath them. They had killer curves and I could not help but be jealous.

It seemed like all of them were tall. At least taller than me but that's only because I'm short.

All of a sudden the tension in the air disappeared and everybody was chatting loudly as if nothing weird had just happened.

Logan and I sat in the left middle row. The wall was on my left and Logan was to my right. I felt like I was being protected by him even though I didn't know from what.

The hairs on my neck stood up. Somebody was watching me too intently. Naturally, I turned around to see who was looking at me. It was a boy at the very back of the class. He was sitting in the same row as I

and when I caught his gaze he didn't look away. I also could not look away. It was as if something or someone was telling me to hold his gaze and I was obeying it.

It felt like he was memorizing my eyes. It felt like he was memorizing my soul. It is said that your eyes are the gateway to your soul, you know.

I also started to memorize his shining silver eyes. He had little flecks of black around his eyes. I didn't know how I could have seen those little black flecks around his eyes when we sat so far away from each other.

"Rhea" Logan said.

I broke my eye contact with those silver eyes for a second to look at Logan. He wasn't really looking at me so he probably did not see my moment with silver eyes.

"Yes, Logan?"

He finally looked at me. "Are you sure that this is your class?" he asked.

"Yes, I am" I said. I know all my classes by heart. I imprinted them on my brain as soon as I got it.

"If you're studying to be a nurse, why would you need to take a class on fairy tales and fantasies?" he said triumphantly.

"I always liked these kinds of things. You know, I'm starting to think that you don't want me to be in this class with you." I said with a little anger in my voice.

Logan seemed a little surprise by my outburst but to tell you the truth I was too. I could count all the times I've snapped with one hand. Actually, I could count it with one finger but if you add this one it would be two.

"I'm sorry for snapping at you. I really didn't mean to, seriously." Cool, Rhea. Get angry then say sorry for doing so. I mean, really?

"No, it's okay. You had a right to do so. I was being rude. I like having a class with you, just not this class." He said sheepishly.

Then it hit me. The reason he didn't want to have this class with me is because this is a fairy tale and

fantasies class and well, he's a guy. People don't usually think that's a good combo but I think it's cute. Plus, if you take a look around there's a fair amount of boys in this class.

Well, it's great that we have a class together. I'm happy." I smiled at him.

She was incredibly naïve. So beautifully naïve. She's the perfect prey, if only Logan did not put his protection on her. But even if he didn't I don't think that anybody could have killed her. She's the kind of prey whom you want to play with before killing but then you never end up killing her because you find out that you wouldn't want to kill her. That's what I first thought when I saw her, before he put his protection on her.

But I still don't understand why he would put a protection on this girl. She's beautiful. I can tell you that, but there's nothing quite special about her. Could it be that Logan fell in love at first sight?

I laughed at that. Logan falling in love with a human? That's hilarious when you think about it but if it's reality that would be quite profiting, at least for me.

Logan and I are equal in strength. If we fight it would surely be a tie. He only has more authority because he outranks me by birth. Legend has it that the Originals blood runs through him.

If he falls in love with a human or anybody in fact, he would surely let his guard down and he would become weaker. When he becomes weaker I will surely use that moment to challenge him to a duel for the authority he owns.

Despite that, I still don't get why I'm sitting atop a tree spying on this human girl called Rhea. She seems fairly harmless. As in, she's not going to go rampant and kill all our kind in this campus. She's just a weak little girl.

But now that I've looked at her for some time, she has this dangerous aura around her. You may not see it because she looks so innocent but she's dangerous. I can tell you that.

I've been getting the feeling that somebody has been watching me. I worked hard to keep my gaze on the pavement.

When I had enough courage to look up at where I think my watcher/stalker is, I saw light shimmering eyes looking back at me. It's him...

Silver eyes.

And... he's perched up on a tree branch. What is he, a bird?

The shining eyes disappeared. Hmm, he must have closed his eyes because I didn't hear any leaves fluttering about.

A feeling of excitement shot up my spine. It made me feel giddy. It almost felt like an adrenaline rush.

I had a sudden courage boost and I walked towards the tree that he was on.

I looked up

"Please come down." I said to the figure in the dark.

I heard a sigh and a thud then he was there. He was beautiful in a light way. Not light as in holy light. If I had to describe it, it would be something along the lines of Light as in a shining sword ready to kill.

With his light hair and eyes, he was the opposite of Logan.

But even thought Logan was a dark haired beauty, he was kind. His smile is warm and you just get the feeling that he's a good guy when you're around him.

"Hello." He greeted me warily.

"May I ask you why you're stalking me?" I asked politely.

"Because you're an interesting girl." he said.

Surprisingly, I didn't get mad or scared of the fact that he's most likely stalking me because he finds me interesting. I was just kind of curious why he would be interested in me.

"So I'm interesting. If you find me interesting, then you should know what my name is." I told him.

"You're name is Andrea but everybody calls you Rhea. You're quite popular and you're nickname is pocket girl. As in they think you're so cute they want to put you in their pocket. You live in the small town

girl's dorm. Oh, and you're studying to be a nurse." He said in a very informative voice.

"I really don't want you to think that I'm flirting but you said 'they think you're so cute' as in you don't think I'm cute?" Wow, I cannot believe that he knew all those things about me when I just came to this school a few days ago. He already knows where I live. That's pretty dangerous.

"No, I think that you're very beautiful. If I didn't why would I stalk you?"

Well, he's pretty straight forward of the fact that he's my stalker. I should think that he is less dangerous that way.

"I don't know the answer to your question but I do know that it's getting late and I should go to my dorm now. If I don't my roommate Missa would be worries. So see you around." I started heading back to the streets.

"Since I already know where your dorm is, how about I walk to home?" He said in an almost gentlemanly way.

"That wouldn't really help my reputation as a pocket girl, now would it? Thanks but no thanks. Maybe some other time." I said coolly. But no I was not cool. I shouldn't have said some other time because now he would think that he could walk me home 'some other time'

Chapter 7

Hello, my dear readers! I am back!

There's a couple of things that I would like to thank you guys for.

1st: I made "On the rise"!! This is so exciting! Thank you guys! And thank you doodlebug47 for informing me of this wonderful news!

2nd: My first chapter has finally reached "1,132" I am so glad that I reached the thousands. Thank you for reading my story!

3rd: All in all, my story has "158" votes. Thank you so much!

And now, here is Chapter 7

Yesterdays encounter with silver eyes was very brief but now I know that he is a stalker. More specifically, my stalker. I'm really glad that I have my fairy tales and fantasies class only every other day. I'm not ready to see silver eyes again. But then again if he's my stalker, he can appear at any time...

I don't even know his name. Maybe I should ask him for his name, I couldn't keep on calling him silver eyes. Ugh! What am I thinking? I CAN keep on calling him silver eyes. I don't need to get all friendly with my stalker. That's just asking for him to stalk me more.

I shouldn't even be thinking about some other guy when I'm meeting up with Logan. Stop thinking about the stalker, Stop thinking about the stalker, and Stop thinking about the stalker.

Anyways, now that I'm not thinking about the stalker, let's move on to Logan <3

He messaged me on myspace asking me to meet him at the courtyard. I was thrilled! This could be like a sort of date! Our first date!!!

But we're not really going out with each other. As in, we're not a couple. Like, it's not official because he didn't really ask me to be his girlfriend. He just kissed me, even if it's on my nose. I paused, that thought just made me blush!

I coughed to get my head out of the gutter.

That "gesture" was too intimate for just friends. It's something only couples would do. So does that mean... he wishes to be an official couple? Oh my! He might have called me here to ask me if I would be his girlfriend! Then this would really be out first date!

I was floating on air when I realized that I was already in the courtyard. Time sure flies when you're happy.

The courtyard is in the middle of all the buildings but the buildings are far away from the courtyard so we do get to have some privacy. There's a circular garden in the middle with concrete benches

surrounding it. There are four sidewalks on each side to get to the buildings. Whatever's not concrete was covered with trees.

Those trees are currently of bright yellow, orange, and red colors. This is my most favorite place at the school. It really shows the fact that its autumn, my favorite season.

It was also peaceful. The trees block out the noises students make to a mere buzz.

A sudden movement to my right caught my peripheral vision. I didn't turn around to check what it was but I was still on the lookout for it.

After a few minutes of not seeing anything, I sat down on one of the benches.

I had a view of the north sidewalk. Students were chattering loudly, that's what it looked like, even though I really couldn't hear what they were saying.

Then a flash of silky silver hair moved within the campus' mini-forest. His hair really stood out from all the yellows, oranges, and reds. Is he here to stalk me again?

I cautiously walked nearer the mini-forest. As I came nearer, I could see a sidewalk through the forest. Not a cement kind but still manmade. As in teenagers walked through it so much that the plants died and now there's in unofficial sidewalk.

I could see his silver hair so I followed him.

After probably two scratches from two stray twigs, silver eyes stopped at a clearing in the mini-forest. There were no trees in a circular shape, only grass, and in the middle was an old looking tree trunk.

He sat on it. It looked like he was waiting for somebody.

I stayed where I was, hiding behind a tree, and waited until whoever silver eyes was waiting for appeared.

As a minute went by, I became very bored of waiting.

As two minutes went by, I started thinking about how I look like the stalker now.

As three minutes went by, my legs started to fall asleep.

As four minutes went by, I thought about just going back to the garden. Logan might already be there.

As five minutes went by, Logan appeared and he was talking to silver eyes. What in the world?!

They were talking, just having a normal conversation... I shouldn't be mad, right? He was supposed to meet me in the garden. Why is he here with Silver eyes?

I need to think straight! Maybe Logan made two appointments in one day. He would meet with silver eyes first and we would go on our date. Yeah, yeah, yeah. That sounds reasonable.

Logan and Silver eyes were still talking. They weren't arguing but it almost looked like it because they were almost scowling at each other. It's as if they are trying to be polite to each other so they would not end up ripping each other's throat off.

The conversation was getting a bit intense so I took it as a chance to go back to the garden.

As soon as I reached the garden, I sat down on the same bench as before. The garden was still unoccupied. No signs of Logan.

Logan....

Now that I think about it, I've never seen Logan scowl until today. He didn't look like the Logan I know. It was very different.

Chapter 8

Hello dear readers!

So here I am back with chapter 8

I tried to make it a bit longer than the other chapter. I hope you guys like it.

Also I love you guys!

You fans are the best fans ever!

I even love 12Aleria21 for threatening to find me and make me write! :D

"Boo!" Logan shouted behind me.

"Eeep!" I squeaked. >.<

"Gotcha, amore." He winked at me.

I smiled at him and said hi. We talked for a while, and then decided to have coffee at this café near the school campus. I was sad to leave the beautiful garden but having coffee with Logan outweighed that feeling with happiness.

As we were walking down to the café, I started thinking about how Logan could have sneaked up on me like that. I was facing where he and silver eyes should have been but I didn't see him at all.

Once we stepped out of the courtyard and in to the busy college hallways, students started to gawk at us. Some were fascinated, some were shocked, and some were just plain angry. I could see it all in their eyes. It was so easy to read what they're feeling. In movies, I'm pretty sure that this means everybody would start talking about us, Logan and me, being a couple. That means we're going to be the "hot topic" for an average of at least a week.

Our hands slightly met each other then our fingers slowly interlocked with each other.

I looked up at him and saw that he was trying to act casual about it. I couldn't suppress the chuckle that came out of me.

He looked at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Is something the matter, amore?" He asked.

"Nothing!" I said quickly.

"Amore, you must tell me what is funny so I may laugh too." He smiled as if to assure me that it's okay to tell him.

"Well, I just thought it was sort of funny that you were acting casual about us holding hands. I mean, not like it's a bad thing but it just made me chuckle a bit!"

He chuckled. But I wasn't bothered that he didn't say anything. I felt like he understood what I meant so it was okay to not say anything.

Our fingers were still interlocked when we reached the café. There were still many students here.

Actually, that was an understatement. They were everywhere here! I guess they were here to hang out with friends before or after their classes. Oh, college life! This is what I was expecting when I was daydreaming about college in high school

.

We went to the counter and Logan ordered me a "Caramel Frap." I've never really heard of it before because I'm not really into coffee and such. I was short, I'm still short, and so I tried to not drink that much caffeine.

We waited for our "Fraps," when it was ready Logan led me to an obscure stairway going up. He waited for me to start walking up first so I did. I didn't really know what to expect but at the top of stairs there was a door.

I didn't know what to do so I looked back at Logan. He reached over me and opened the door.

The room had the same table and comfortable looking chairs as downstairs but there were bookshelves here. It was also much, much quieter

here. There were also students here but they looked as if they were either reading, doing homework or studying.

Once again, Logan led me to where we were going to sit which was as far away from the other students as possible.

We got settled and started talking about random stuff. Our topics went from school, to other students, to classes, to the fairy tales and fantasies class, and then to vampires.

"Hold on, there's a book here that I want to show you." Logan said and disappeared behind one of the bookshelves.

When he came back he had at least 3 books in his hands. He put them on the coffee table in front of our couch.

"One of my friends who's close to our F&F class got some info on what we're going to study next. You might want to start studying about it now because that teacher gives some really hard tests and he doesn't really give the best lectures ever. These are

some of the best books to study from. There are even two audio books there so you might just want to listen to that during our class." He said.

"Thanks," I told him. I grabbed one of the books and started skimming though it.

"Anything for you, amore." He said while sitting down next to me on the couch and putting his left arm around me.

One girl that was supposedly studying saw us. Here eyes widened in surprise and she took out her cell phone. She was texting in lightning speed while looking back at Logan and I once in a while. I didn't know how to react to that so I just rolled my eyes.

Logan and I stayed in the same position for at least two hours. I thought it was, in a way, romantic. The words aren't needed when we're together kind of romantic.

After our cute date, Logan walked me home.

"So, I guess I will see you tomorrow, amore." He told me.

"Hmm, yes, I will. At our F&F class." I smiled at him. At this moment, I'm thinking of whether I should give him a kiss or not.

"Actually, amore. Can I go in with you because I don't feel like going back to my dorm yet?" If it was possible I think that my smile just got brighter.

"Come in, then"

Whilst we were walking up the stairs, Missa was running down the stairs. She looked at us in surprise, gave me a thumbs up, and said that she'll see me later.

Personally I don't really know why she gave me the thumbs up but I guess she'll tell me later.

"Make yourself at home." I told Logan only to see that he was already plopped down on my king sized bed playing with my laptop. It's almost as if he's been here thousands of times!

"Hey, Logan. I'm going downstairs in the kitchen for some snacks, want any?"

"I will just eat whatever you bring." He says.

I was looking through the walk in panty when someone entered the room.

"Logan, I thought you were just going to eat whatever I bring. Did you change your mind?" I asked him. It was quiet for a while and I didn't know if Logan was ignoring me.

"Umm," A female voice said.

I turned around to see a petite girl, around my height, standing near the pantry door. She looked kind of young though.

"Oh! Sorry, I thought you were somebody else." I lamely said.

"It's okay. Would you be the new roommate?" She asked with her very soft feminine voice.

"Yes, I am. My name is Andrea Kim, but I prefer to be called Rea. What's your name?"

"My name is Kim Sanchez. It's sort of cool how I have your last name as my first name." She chuckled a little bit.

"Yes, it is. But how come this is my first time meeting you when I've been here for a couple of days now?" I asked her.

"Oh, I just came back from a little vacation. I went back home in Cali to visit my parents. They kept on insisting that their little girl come visit them. You know how parents can be. Plus, they're especially worried about me since I'm only 16." This girl is a bit on the chatty side. But that's fine because I can tell that she has a nice personality.

"I was wondering why you looked young. So you must be really smart."

"Oh no! I just do my work and stuff, you know?" Ahh, modesty. That's a trait of a good personality.

"Hmm, yeah. I know. Sorry, but I really need to find some snacks real fast and get back upstairs. I don't want to keep Logan waiting."

"Oh, here." She takes some popcorn that was labeled with her name and hands it to me. "You can have that. Think of it as a welcome to the dorm kind of

treat." She said. "Also, by Logan, do you mean Logan Lancer, one of the super populars?"" She asked.

"Thanks and yeah, that Logan." As soon as I confirmed that we were thinking of the same Logan she gasped. Man, this is like the third shocked slash surprised person today.

I popped my popcorn in the microwave, told her I had to go, and left.

When I came back to my room Logan was still playing with my laptop. I plopped down on my sofa and patted the seat next to me. Logan got the message and sat next to me.

We talked about how much fun today was then I went back to reading one of the vampire books. The book I'm reading now is called "How to know if you're a vampire"

The first chapter's title said:

"The first signs of being a vampire is when you're eyes flash red when you will it or when you're very angry."

The first chapter basically said you just have to think about flashing your eyes red to will it.

I don't know what made me do it but I got up from the sofa and walked over to my dresser with a mirror on top. I could feel Logan's gaze on me the whole time. I wonder if he knows what I'm about to do?

I thought of my eyes flashing red.

My eyes flashed red.

Even if it was only a second. It still flashed red.

I looked at Logan and he had the most shocked expression of the day.

So, how was it?

I tried to make the ending of this chapter not so cliffhanger-ish.

Next chapter would either have Logan's POV in it or the whole chapter would be in Logan's POV.

We will see how it goes.

Oh and one more question.

Do you guys even read what I write before and after the story??

Chapter 9

* I'm sorry for not writing in a very long time. That's just how it usually is for me. Sorry, my dear readers.

But a lot of things has happened lately... Please keep me in your prayers.

The picture at the right would be Rhea :)

I sighed.

I sighed for what seemed like the 50th time today. It's funny; because yesterday's thing was a shocked expression then today it's me sighing.

I'm not usually a depressing person. But how can I not be when my boyfriend probably thinks that I'm a psycho, eye color changing, freaky weirdo?

Last night, after my eye color changed to red for a second, Logan abruptly left. He said something about urgent business. But really? I saw his shocked expression. He probably regrets calling me his girlfriend. Well, he didn't exactly call me his girlfriend but still...

Ugh, what am I talking about? If my boyfriend's eye color changed to bright red then I would freak out too. Then I probably would stay as far away as possible from his.

I shouldn't be mad if that's exactly what Logan was doing right now.

But if he is gone then I'm going to have to sit all alone in F&F class, kind of like how I'm doing right now. Everybody else is talking and laughing in groups of at least two, I can't believe that I would ever be jealous about something like this. I've gotten too used to having Logan by my side.

I looked around for somebody approachable to talk to and couldn't find any. They were all too beautiful and I just felt inferior. On the bright side, silver eyes wasn't here. In a way I felt safer.

That was until Logan and silver eyes entered the room together. As soon as they entered the room they walked over to the teacher's desk. They banged on the wooden table until they had everyone's attention. Once the room was quiet and all eyes were on them Silver Eyes said one sentence.

"I believe a welcoming party is to be had."

After he said that sentence, he pointedly looked at me.

All eyes turned to me. They all had surprised expressions on their faces. So maybe today is actually going to be surprised day?

Then as if they had a cue, all their eyes turned red. They stared at me for ten more seconds with their red eyes until they blinked and their eyes returned to their normal colors.

"Party next week at the mansion." Silver eyes said.

As if the subject was dismissed everybody went back to what they were doing before as if nothing ever happened. The only thing that made it seem real is the fact that I could hear some groups talking about the upcoming party and how it's going to be "fabulous."

But I was only half listening to what they were saying. I was still staring at silver eyes and Logan with my mouth agape. It seemed like I was paralyzed. I didn't think that I could move even if I wanted to.

Silver eyes and Logan started walking up to the chairs. They were getting closer and closer to where I was sitting.

"Close your mouth, flies will go in." Silver eyes said as soon as he passed by me and kept on walking farther up.

Logan was a different story; he didn't say anything but he did sit by me. I guess he's not planning to avoid me but then again why would when he wasn't excluded from the red eye flashing festivity?

Though I hate to admit it, the fact that his eye also flashed red made me feel relieved. Because that way, he won't think of me as a psycho, eye color changing, freaky weirdo.

The two of us didn't talk for the whole two hours of F&F class. I'm glad that we didn't because even if I tried, I don't think I can keep up with a normal conversation at all.

The class, in its own way, passed by quite fast. Of course I wasn't really paying attention to what the teacher was saying or teaching or preaching. I was too lost in my own thoughts. The possible what if's and what now scenarios.

I silently walked out of the auditorium. Everybody was already out except for me and Logan. I can hear his quiet footsteps behind me. I think that he's still trying to give me my space.

Do I need the space? Or do I need to start asking questions? Because if I try thinking about it all by myself, I wont really find out anything. I should talk to somebody who knows what's going on and somebody I trust aka Logan.

I peeked back at him. He was already looking at me, but when he saw that I was looking back at him he gave me a heart warming smile. That increased my trust in him and it also made me feel like I was in safe hands.

He put out his right hand in a way that was asking for me to hold it. I took his right hand in my left. We started walking towards the courtyard but instead of walking on the normal paved sidewalk, we started walking on the manmade ones.

Once we reached a clearing, one that was quite similar to the clearing that Logan and silver eyes met up yesterday, he sat down on a cut tree trunk. He motioned for me to sit on the one next to his.

I don't know how a clearing like this could have a home-y feeling but this one feels more comfortable. Somewhere you would go to if you had troubled feelings, somewhere you would go to if you just wanted to run away from the world. The clearing yesterday had a serious and lethal kind of feeling, much like how a meeting room is.

"Ask me whatever question you want to be answered, amore." Logan said, totally breaking me from my thoughts.

For a while, I couldn't think of anything to ask because my mind went completely blank when Logan broke me from my thoughts. So when I happened to think of a good enough question I grasped it.

"What am I? What are we? What is the F&F class?" I asked.

"We are vampires. The F&F class is a class full of vampires. The ones who attend that class are all vampires, no humans are allowed. That's why I was very shocked when you went to that class with me. I really thought you were human, amore. I'm sorry for my mistake."

Vampires...Vampires....Vampires... That word kept repeating in my head, almost like an echo.

"But you're not wrong, Logan. I am human. I'm not a vampire. My parents are humans. How could they give birth to a vampire? I'm not an expert about

vampire genetics but I'm pretty sure that's impossible. That's almost like a cat giving birth to a tiger." I told him.

"It's also possible that you were adopted. A lot of vampire babies are mistaken as human babies, amore. A lot of us end up in state wards. Once we start to develop our vampire abilities, our special vampric government tracks us down." He said matter-of-factly.

But that would mean that my whole life would be a lie. Except for that one incident. That one incident could never be a lie. I did lose somebody important to me but now the question is "Was he even really my brother?"

Before I could say anything back, Logan's eyes widened a bit. I could tell that he was trying hard to hide his expression but it's too late, I already noticed.

"What's wrong?" I asked him with panic in my voice. Right now, I just feel so confused, fragile, and not myself. I don't think I can handle any more dramas.

"It's nothing, amore." He then kissed my forehead and started to walk towards the campus.

"Wait!" I said and grabbed his arm with both my hands. I knew he could break away if he tried but I had to get his attention someway. "Logan, tell me. Do I not have a right to know?" I asked.

He sighed.

"You do have a right to know." He said reluctantly.

"Then tell me." I said.

"It's just that... you might be our prophesied savior."

A gasp came from somewhere nearby.

"Come out!" Logan commanded whoever it was.

An entrancing bleach blonde girl came out from the left side of the clearing. She looked like she was really scared, like a little child that was caught eavesdropping. The expression on her face totally matched the type of beauty she possesses. The type of beauty she possesses is kind of like a dark fairy. She had an innocent yet mischievous expression as of right now.

She had straightened bleached blonde hair, dark eyeliner, snakebites and a nose ring, and a tattoo on her right arm. Yet she was wearing a pink plaid shirt, skinny jeans, and white ballet flats. Not to mention that her nails were French manicured with a pink hue.

"Grace! Come here." Logan commanded her once again.

This time Graces expression had lost the mischievousness and was now replaced with pure worry. She glanced at me as if to ask for help then thought better of it.

"I know that you have been able to get away with not having an upper vampire master because of your sudden popularity with the students in this campus. But now that you have heard of something that you shouldn't have you will have to pledge yourself to me." Logan explained to Grace.

Grace looked as if she already knew that this was going to happen. She looked as if she already gave up. She kneeled on her right knee and opened her mouth.

Logan bit his own wrist, blood started to gush out. He then let Grace drink some of it. Grace gulped it as if it was water.

I was so fascinated with the scene that was unfolding in front of me that I almost forgot about what Logan said.

"What was that?" I asked meekly.

"Amore, you could call that a vampire communion. A lower level must pledge their selves to master vampires. It's for protection and so that the higher-ups would know what the young ones are doing out there in the real world." He explained with little detail.

"Now about what you said earlier. About me being a savior. What was that about?" I asked him.

"Long ago one of the original vampire prophets prophesied that there will be a natural born vampire from human parents that will save us all. He said that the savior will save both humans and vampires that the savior will make both kinds exist in peace. But there would be a problem. When there's a savior,

there's a destroyer. He said that the destroyer and savior will happen to twins. Born of the same parents, having the cruel faith of having to kill each other. Of course, no vampire ever thought that could happen so they just ignored the things he said. That original vampire was my grandfather..." Logan said.

At the mention of my twin brother, I started to cry. Grace came up to me and tried comforting me. I could tell that she really hasn't done anything like this ever before. She didn't know how to properly hug me but that was fine, at least she was trying.

"So I don't have to be your savior, Logan. The destroyer, my brother, has been dead for many years." I told him in between of my sobs.

"That's the thing, amore. He's not dead at all."

Chapter 10

Chapter 10 - Part 1 - Reunion

Hey, guys! I'm back! I'm hoping that you miss meee, haha.

I know, I've been gone for a really long time but I have free time for almost a week or two now so expect a lot of chapters to come :)

That's my gift to y'all! I just wanna thank you all for sticking and hoping for my comeback. It means a lot to me. Your support is greatly appreciated.

One of my greatest pet peeve is when I write something grammatically wrong until I notice it later so if you guys see any then bring it to my notice in a comment. Pleaseeee!

Also if there's a fan out there who wishes to make a book cover for me, then it would greatly appreciated :D

So on with the storyyyyyy.

It's just part one, it's also kind of a filler so it's gonna be kind of boringgg but it will be interesting soon enough!

My mouth was agape and it stayed that way. What is Logan talking about? My brother is dead, he's been dead since we were 14.

"My brother is dead, Logan. He has been dead for years." I told him sadly.

"Is he really?" Logan asked skeptically.

"Yes, Logan! Yes, he is! A sibling, no, a twin cannot exactly forget when she is told that her twin is dead!" I was almost yelling. I was about to lose my cool again. What is it about Logan that makes me reveal how I am truly feeling?

"If he is, amore, then show me proof. Did you see his body? Did anybody see his dead body?" He asked logically.

"No," I finally answered. "I didn't. Nobody did. He was cremated and the people who cremated his body highly suggested that we wouldn't want to see his face" At the time, it made sense. His body, his face, everything must have not been at it's normal condition. After all, that wouldn't be possible after a truck runs you over. Nobody wanted to see Andrew like that. Everybody was too used to seeing his smiling, joyous face. To see him in a condiiton where you wouldn't even recognize him would have been heartbreaking. Andrew being dead was already heartbreaking enough.

I was starting not to like this. Not only because it seemed like I was giving Logan all the answers he wanted me to give him but also because he was keeping his cool with ease while I was not.

I crouched down and hugged my knees. It was only a few seconds after that when my tears escaped me. Grace came and tried to comfort me once again. After

all the thoughts that were running through my head, I almost forgot about her existence. The sobs finally subsided after a minute or two. i wiped the tears away and saw Logan standing a few feet away from Grace and I. He looked like he didn't know what to do. When he saw that I had stopped crying, he almost looked relieve.

"Amore, I think that we need to go somewhere."

I looked at him, pursed my lips, and nodded my head.

"Grace, your presence is no longer needed for the moment." He said dismissively and just like that Grace was gone. He then started to walk out of the woods and I followed. Before I knew it, we were in front of my dorm house.

We walked up to my room and I looked at him. I was questioning him with my eyes, just like how models smile with their eyes without actually smiling.

"Start packing some clothes." He told me.

"Why?" I asked.

"We're going somewhere and we might stay there for a few days."

"Where?" I asked. It seems that I'm full of questions today. Boy, I was on a roll.

"To my father's house. It's not too far from here, about 30 minutes away." He told me. "I will bring my car upfront while you pack. I will be right back, amore."

After he left, I went right down to packing. I didn't know how many days we were going to stay there and I was stupid enough not to ask. I just packed 3 pairs of jeans and five pairs of tops. Of course I didn't forget about my underwear but I almost forgot to pack my basic necessities.

I was already done packing when I remembered where we were going. We were going to the house of Logan's father. I've only met Logan and I'm already going to meet his father?! Surely jeans and a shirt will not cut it... I went to my unpacked luggages and saw the two dresses that I packed just in case. One was casual and one was dressy. This will do. I also

packed two thongs. I mean, you can't wear dresses if you're not wearing a thong.

I heard my phone ringing and I answered. It was Logan saying that he was already downstairs. I ran downstairs and saw now signs of Missa. As I was jogging to Logan's car, a sports car, I saw silver eyes walking casually. I ignored him and got in the car.

Logan didn't say anything, he just sped down the hill. It took my best effort to not fly out of my seat. Once we were out of the residential area, he looked at me.

"Seatbelt?" he asked playfully and even dared to grin.

When I did manage to put my seatbelt on, Logan was just chuckling. I ignored him and faced the window because I didn't think that flying out of my seat would have been that funny. When Logan noticed that I was ignoring him, he just started laughing out loud. Despite my best effort, I ended up smiling. The whole cr ride was like that. The atmosphere was just light and teasing.

Before I knew it, Logan was already parking his car in front of a mansion. I should have known that his

home would be like a mansion, he just had that rich guy aura.

As we walked up the door, I was surprised that a butler didn't open the door for us. Logan walked up the grand staircase with my bag in hand. He knew exactly where to go. He stopped in front of a door and opened it. It was a grand study room.

I saw two men sitting down in front of a chess board. They were currently in the middle of an intense chess game. I took my time gazing at them. To the right was a man who had an undeniable resemblance to Logan. The man on the left has an undeniable resemblance to... me.

"Oh, Andrew..."

Chapter 11

Chapter 10 - Part 2 - Reunion

Author's Note:

It's part 2! Yay! I think that I'm getting closer to what I had planned for this story so please stay tuned.

Remember how I was asking somebody to make a cover for this story? Well, I was exploring wattpad and I noticed that quite a few things changed while I was gone. I went to the forums and there was somebody there who was making **awesome** book covers. I asked her to make me one and she did. I think it's amazing, what do you guys think?

Oh and I'm also going to add a picture of Logan on the side. Check it outtt. I know that the picture would

probably be far from what you imagined Logan to look like because it happens all the time when a book turns into a movie. You're kind of just like "ehh, that's not what I imagined him/her to look like" haha.

Enjoyyy ~

Please **vote and comment** . It means a lot. Seriously.

His eyes glowed bright red and before anybody knew he had moved, Drew was on top of me. I was paralyzed. Drew was alive and he looked about ready to tear my neck off. Before his teeth punctured my skin, Logan's father grabbed him by the neck. I stood up and ran to Logan, who was not far behind his father. He then walked to the other side of the room and I meekly followed.

Realization dawned on Drew. For only a second, I saw the fear that was displayed in his eyes. I instantly wanted to run across the room and put my arms around him but I remembered how he almost tore my neck off. Suddenly, a click sounded in my mind. Drew was a vampire, which would mean that I

am too... I looked at Drew from across the room. Logan's father still hasn't let go of his neck.

"You could have told us that he has not yet fed. " Logan said in order to break the silence.

"You could have told me you were coming." Logan's father replied. It was such a good comeback, I almost clapped for him. "You also know better than to bring humans here. Now go and erase her memories." He continued. I didn't feel like clapping for him anymore. Who talks about somebody when that somebody is obviously in the same room as them?

"I would if I could." Logan replied. Now I felt like clapping for Logan.

"Tche, do I have to do everything around here?" Logan's father then walked towards us with his hold still on Drew's neck. He stopped in front of me and looked into my eyes. "Now, have you forgotten what you just saw?" He asked me in a soft tone. I started to shake my head and his eyes widened.

"Vampire hypnotism doesn't work on other vampires especially if the vampire is much stronger than you, Dad." Logan said with a smile playing on his lips.

Logan's father looked at Drew and let go of his neck. Drew then walked over to the chair he was sitting on before he attacked, he plopped himself down as if exhausted. I took this as a sign of Drew no longer being a danger. I followed Drew. Once I was standing in front of him, he looked up. Recognition spread across his face and he immediately stood up. I was already tearing up. As soon as he stood up, I hugged him.

After a while, Drew separated himself from me. He still kept me at arm's length, just enough to see my face.

"How did you find me?!" He asked. He also shook me a little.

"How did I find you? I thought you were dead!" I told him just as frantically.

"To the human world, yes I'm considered dead." He told me sadly.

"How could you say it just like that?! Do you know how I felt when they told me you were dead?! I was all alone..." I already punched him on the chest many with the anger I felt. So much had changed when he was gone.

"I know, I know. I checked up on you every now and then. I really didn't want you to turn all loner when I was gone." He told me teasingly.

"Shut up! You know I only talked to people first when you were there, Drew!" I punched him again for his attempt on a joke.

Somebody coughed. Drew and I turned our heads towards Logan and his father.

"It's obvious that the two of you should not even be together." Logan's father said immediately. "Logan just told me about the situation you are put in. I'm willing to let you two stay here until an attack happens."

At the time, I didn't know what he had meant about being attacked. I only understood the part where he said I could spend time with my brother. For me, that

seemed to be the important part of his speech. I was content.

For the next three days, I was in peace. All those days were spent with my older brother, Drew. We went to sleep in the same room and on the same bed. We took turns cooking for each other. We took walks to the garden together. We laughed, we cried, and we listened. We told each other stories in order to catch up. We listened to music. We cherished the time we had together. We both knew that our time together wouldn't be long; we just had the feeling that we would be separated again. It also doesn't help that we overhear Logan and his father talking about the people that will take Drew away.

On my fourth night there, Drew and I grew restless. We were not able to sleep and we had little idea as to why. That's why Drew and I weren't that surprised when Logan came in and told us that I had to go. Of course I started tearing up. Logan was frantically urging me to hurry up. I could also hear his father yelling something in the background. I quickly gave Drew a quick hug. It felt like it would our final hug.

Logan lifted me up, princess style, then started running. He was running at such a fast pace but my eyes were able to keep up. We went to the rear exit of the house. Once we were there, I could see that Logan's car was parked right there. He threw me in the passenger seat and put on the seatbelt for me. It seemed like he knew that I wasn't in the state of mind where I would worry about a mere seatbelt. Once he had me situated, he quickly jumped onto the driver's seat and bolted out of his father's estate. I let everything that happened after that become a blur.

The next time I opened my eyes, I was curled up in a ball. I squinted my eyes to adjust them and noticed that I was in my bedroom. I looked around and saw Logan sitting on my couch. I have the feeling that he sensed my alertness because he quickly looked up from his book. I blinked my eyes again and saw that he was already next to my curled up body. He was caressing my hair in the gentlest way. I felt like a kitten. I wanted to curl up even more and just go back to my sleepless dream. Unfortunately, I don't think Logan had the same plan.

"Are you feeling okay, amore?" He asked. I debated on whether I should lie or tell the truth. I decided on neither.

"What is going to happen to Drew?" I croaked.

"The elders will deal with him in a way that would bring peace to both humans and vampires." Logan said.

"Dead, that's what you meant." I said with no emotion. I looked at Logan straight in the eye.

He looked shocked, then scared, and seemed u

Chapter 12

Chapter 11 - History

Author's note:

First of all, I would like to say that I'm very thankful for you all! I cannot believe how many people have fanned me since I last uploaded a chapter. It's unbelievable and I appreciate it. For all the new fans and all my old fans that are catching up with my story, thank you.

This chapter is mostly in conversation form but it's needed!

Also, one more thing. Do you guys think that this story would sell if I sell it as an eBook, just like 50

cents or less each chapter? I hate to ask you guys of this but I'm in a sticky situation.

Well, on with the story!

Enjoyyyy~

After the little episode I had with Logan, he ignored me for at least 30 minutes. After those 30 minutes, he tried to make friendly conversation. Needless to say, he failed. I didn’t feel like having any carefree conversation, Logan should know that. Despite that, he continued trying to make conversation until sunrise. Surprisingly, I didn’t feel the need to sleep.

As the sun rose, Logan walked over to the couch and plopped himself down. He seemed defeated. He started massaging his temples and continued doing so until I sat up. He quickly walked over to the bed again. This time he put his arm around me, trying to be comforting. I wouldn’t say that he failed but I was starting to get on uncomfortable feeling.

“How long?” I asked.

“Huh?” Logan answered.

“How long?” I asked again.

“How long is what?” Logan asked. He looked puzzled but I was impatient.

“I said, how long does Drew have?!” My tone was starting to turn menacing and I could feel my heart rate escalating.

When I looked up at Logan, he had that same look on his face as last night. I was growing irritable at him. I just wished that he would answer me. Even if he’s unsure of what to do, he should at least answer! The silence is killing me! I was about to break free of his comforting hold when he started talking.

“I know you didn’t have the time to finish the book about vampires.” I nodded because it was true. “Then I will summarize it for you.” He continued. I really didn’t see the point of the conversation that was happening at the moment. I was about to walk out of the room again but then held my left hand. He gave it a slight squeeze and smiled warmly at me. “Please, hear me out.”

I nodded but kept quiet. He took that as his cue to continue.

“That book tells you the stages that vampires go through when they are reaching their full potential. After that, the book goes into detail about our history.” He paused for a moment. “The vampire species were born around the same time as humans. We came to this world a few years later after them though. The popular belief that vampires came from hell is true. We are demons, lowly demons. If we ever do go back to hell, we’re probably going to be considered the lowest ranked demon possible. That may be because demons from hell believe that we are tainted.”

“We are not welcome anywhere, are we?” I asked Logan.

“That’s right, amore.”

“Why?” I asked him. He has not gone into much detail about why we’re not wanted in Hell or Earth.

“The reason that we came to Earth later than humans is because the demons in Hell sent us here.

They sent us here to cause havoc. They basically wanted us to take over Earth and get rid of humans. Of course they couldn't send normal demons to Earth. When they did, it alarmed the humans too much. Then they invented us. Vampires look almost just like humans, they can walk in the sunlight, and they can interact with ease to humans. They figured that humans are calmer when they're with their own kind so why not build a demon that looks similar to them. Of course there are certain physical appearances like our teeth and pale skin that the demons couldn't change no matter how they tried."

"So what happened? Why aren't we ruling the world right now?" I asked. This story seemed useless at first but it's starting to get interesting.

"Vampires took a liking to humans. That's where all the troubles began. They weren't pretending to like humans anymore, over the years they really started to like humans. Vampires started to marry humans; they created what we would call dhampirs. The demons from hell found out about this, they were extremely mad. They cursed us into needing blood,

mostly human blood. Before the curse, vampires were able to eat normal food.”

I gasped.

“Quite surprising, eh? So we started to take blood from humans. At first, they were okay with it. As time flew by, humans started dying at an early age. Most of them became afraid of us, they started to blame us for all the problems they were having. After that, we started to shy away from humans. Nobody is sure of the reason to why but there are two famous theories. It was either because humans threatened to kill us all or because we felt guilt towards humans.”

“What exactly do you mean by shy away? How did we do that?”

“We started living away from humans and only coming out at night when our pale skin isn’t so noticeable. Then there were the ones who buried themselves in coffins with the intention of dying. Some were found due to grave robbers. Two rumors emerged because of them. The rumors that vampires are immortal and the rumors about zombies. It’s just that the vampires who put their selves in coffins

were probably sleeping and hungry so when grave robbers open their coffin, the vampire instinctively reaches for the food."

"Wait, did you just say that a vampire being immortal is a rumor?"

"Yes, amore. We die. It's just that our lifespan is almost double of humans and we never get sick. Oh, we also heal quicker."

Wow, this is a lot to take in. It's just so different from my "human" point of view and different from popular vampire belief. All of this is just so hard for me. I'm learning about my new life while I have to worry about my brother being dead or not. Wait, my brother!

"Logan!" I exclaimed. "All this vampire history has distracted you from my original question! I listened patiently so please answer my question..."

"Amore, I would seriously tell you if I knew anything but I don't know anything of what's going on in the elder's council. The only people I know who might

have access to that information is my dad himself and Ryan sterling.”

“Ryan Sterling?” I asked.

“Yes, don’t you know him? He stands out wherever he goes. He’s in our F&F class too. He has silver hair and silver eyes?”

Realization came across my face.

Silver eyes.

“So you do know him!” Logan said enthusiastically.

Huh, this is going to be interesting.

Chapter 13

Chapter 12

Author's Note:

I'm sorry, you guys! I've been sick and then there's school...

I hope you enjoy this chapter. Kind of short but it's okay. I'll make the next one longer and full of excitement. After all, nobody knows what could happen unexpectedly in a party, right?

***

It was a Monday. That meant that I had F&F at 10:30AM.

It seemed weird that I'm going to class after all that has happened but I already missed one class. It's probably going to take all I have just to catch up. This is F&F class though; I have another reason other than catching up to attend today's class. Ever since Logan told me about silver eyes aka Ryan Sterling, I've been excited about F&F class. I quickly wanted to find out what he knew. I shouldn't have had to wait until F&F class to see him because is my stalker but lately, he hasn't been around. I mean, I know that I've been gone for 3 days but he should've been excited about my arrival back at the dorms. That's just the normal stalker reaction!

I walked to class alone. Last night, I insisted that Logan should head back to his dorm. He clearly needed to catch up on all the schoolwork and I simply wasn't ready to have a man stay overnight in my room! I haven't had my first kiss yet! So there I was walking through the courtyard all by myself. I was in the middle of the courtyard when I noticed something glimmering to my right. It was glimmering behind the trees. I held my messenger bag close while walking towards the source of the

glimmering. I was almost fully surrounded by trees when I noticed silver eyes. He had already taken notice of me. He motioned for me to go closer and I reluctantly did. Images of stalkers taking advantage of their victims flooded my head as I moved closer and closer towards Ryan.

When I was standing in front of him, he spoke.

“It’s been a while, where have you been?”

“Just vacationing. I’m glad you didn’t follow me there. “I replied. At this point, I was trying to warm up my blackmail attack.

“No problem. What brings you into this part of the woods anyway?”

“You.” I said mysteriously. I was trying to build a strong, forward character but his attempt at making conversation was funny.

“Oh, interested in me now?” He raised an eyebrow.

“You’re the stalker.” I countered.

“What?” He shook his head. “You’re the one who followed me in the woods. Now, who’s stalking who?”

“I don’t know. Why don’t you tell me?”

“I do not stalk you! That was a onetime thing. I only thought you were a danger to our community but ever since I found out that you weren’t, I stopped following you. I’m too busy to stalk anybody even if I wanted too. I have a job, you know?”

“Now, Now. No need to be defensive. As for your employment status, I know. You work as a personal assistant for one of the elders in the vampire council.”

He looked baffled for a second.

“Logan told you, didn’t he?” He seemed exasperated, it’s not like your work information should be a big deal. I don’t get why he seemed exasperated.

“Does it matter?” I rolled my eyes for effect. “Now, you will tell me what you do know.”

“And what exactly makes you think that I’ll tell?” He smiled.

My tense, serious face turned into a smile. It was a genuine smirk. I had the feeling that I had just checkmated Ryan; it was a good feeling to have.

“Because if you don’t tell me, I’ll scream ‘rape!’ Soon enough, somebody will come to my ‘rescue’ and I’ll just have to do a little bit of action. Then after I ‘recover’ from the traumatizing experience, I’ll them how you’ve stalked me for a while now. “If it was possible, my smirk widened when I saw Ryan’s horrified face.

“You wouldn’t. You wouldn’t.”

“Why don’t you just try me?”

He sighed.

I smiled.

I knew victory was in my hands.

It’s been a week since Logan and Silver eyes announced my welcoming party. That means that tonight, there’s going to be a party. It’s not going to be just like any other party, it’s going to be a vampire welcoming party. All the glamorous and gorgeous

vampires in this campus will attend, their attendance is mandatory but they probably just take it as an excuse to look even more beautiful than normal. That's part of why I'm dreading to attend the party. The first reason that I'm supposed to be looking for where the vampire council is keeping my twin brother. The second reason is that I'm going to look ugly next to all these vampire girls. I voiced this concern to Logan and he tried to reassure me that I will look just as pretty or even prettier than them. That could've helped me but unfortunately, it didn't.

That's why I locked myself in my room. This way, I would pretend to be sick and miss the party. Nobody will be able to break in or pick my door, have you seen that door? It's enormous! Plus, the key is safely lodged on my necklace. I'm going to use the morning to be lazy, the afternoon to work on my brother's case, and the night watching movies. Yes, the party is for my welcoming but they're not going to miss me.

I used the morning hours to lazy around and it felt good to do it. I've started to investigate which building they're going to keep my brother in. Silver

eyes and I had already narrowed it down t two possible places. Apparently, these two buildings are the only buildings the vampire council owns that have jail cells. The first one, which is in Third Street, is huge and that's mainly where they keep crazed vampires. The second one, which is in the campus, is small and rarely very used. I figured that they would keep my brother in the campus one because it's rarely used and the small jail is all they need for one vampire. The only thing that made me doubt that is the fact that the vampire council might try to outsmart us by placing Andrew in the big jail. They could camouflage him as a crazed vampire and he'll blend right in!

Just as I was taping a poster of my thoughts on my wall, my door opened. I turned around and it was Logan. I immediately smiled at him and I was about to walk up to him when my poster fell. That snapped me back in place, back to where my mind was before Logan infected it with thoughts of him. He wasn't supposed to be here because I avoided him all day and I knew that I locked that door.

“How come I just knew that you would do this, amore?” He sounded disappointed but still managed to look amused.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I was going to get ready 30 minutes before the party.”

“You’re supposed to be there then.” Logan said with a raised eyebrow. “It’s okay thought. Since I knew this was going to happen, I brought reinforcement! Come in the room now, Grace!”

I grunted.

Chapter 14

Chapter 13

Author's Note:

Hello! I have been sick lately and I'm still recovering. (I still have the sniffles and the coughing, blegh.) That's why this chapter is kind of... late?

I don't know, I worked kind of hard for this chapter. I have found the wonder of the Los Angeles Central Library, I love it. Seriously, I can't stop talking about it to my sister. I go there whenever it's open. I'm addicted! I write whenever I go there as well. That's why this chapter is longer than all my other chapters (I think.)

I may have made a lot of mistakes when I was typing this. For that, I'm sorry! I have a headache so I didn't bother with editing. Sooooo, I'm going to sleep now.

Enjoy!

“You look absolutely fantastic!” Grace exclaimed.

I grimaced but the creature in front of me looked only as if she was pouting. Her lips were luscious and red. It was enough to lure anybody close to her, it was captivating. Logan was standing behind the creature in front of me, he was smiling at her.

I turned around and smiled back at Logan. This time, it was a whole-hearted smile. He accepted me whether I was beautiful or not and I wanted my smile to reflect my feelings for him, my whole-hearted feelings for him. Meanwhile, Grace was looking at me with a look of satisfaction. She then presented to me a box. I opened the box and it revealed a silk, red dress. My eyes widened as I touched the material. I looked, with wide eyes, towards Logan and Grace.

“We had personally picked it out for you, amore.” Logan said, the same smile still apparent on his face.

My eyes had gone back to the dress and my hands brought the material up. I brought it with me in front of the mirror, I laid it in front of my torso to get a glimpse of what I would look with it on.

“Hurry up! Put it on! We’ll be late for your party!” Grace said to hurry me.

I stripped the hello kitty nightgown off my body to reveal my lace underwear. It was black with a nude outline, very sexy. Grace told me that I should wear this bra with the strapless, silk, and red dress. She said something about not trusting the dress enough to not accidentally reveal my girls. It didn’t matter that the bra straps would show, it added a sense of sexy to the dress anyway.

I slipped the dress on and it hugged my skin comfortably. It wasn’t too tight but it showed off the little curves that I do have. I think that Logan and Grace made sure that happened. After slipping on the dress, Grace handed me a pair of classic, black heels with at least 4 inch heels. I put it on and it was

surprisingly comfortable. Even with the added height, Grace and Logan still managed to tower over me.

Looking over myself on the mirror, I realized I looked stunning. I had soft, wavy hair cascading down my neck and back. My face was made beautiful by the makeup. I had the perfect dress with the perfect pair of shoes. There was also a little, ruby amulet on my neck so it didn't look too bare. I looked over myself in the mirror.

I looked predatory.

We were walking quietly towards the party when Logan said he forgot something in the campus. Grace's facial expression turned into an annoyed one but her eyes had a mischievous glint she couldn't conceal. I thought that Logan would retrieve whatever he forgot by himself but he unexpectedly asked me to accompany him. I was more than glad to, whatever to delay my arrival to the party.

My heels clacked with every step I took. After more than a hundred clacks, we were near the courtyard. Logan's steps slowed, slowed, and then stopped to a

halt. I mimicked him. We were standing right smack in the middle of the courtyard intersections. All was quiet except for nature's noise.

Logan looked at me, his facial muscles serious but his eyes mischievous.

"I have a present for you, amore."

My heart leaped a few times before returning to it's normal rhythm.

He shoved me a glamorous, velvet case with no brand name engraved on top. After he knew I had seen the casing, he carefully opened it. The blank case revealed a bracelet. It was almost like a lucky charm but not quiet. He lifted it and I automatically held out my left hand. He secured the bracelet on my slender wrist. It was beautiful with it's delicate and single vine-like body. The vine would stop every so often to meet with a stone. With my night vision, I saw that it was ruby.

I looked up at him and smiled. While on my tippy toes, I kissed him on the lips. It was a slow kiss, soft

to the touch. The kind of kiss that made your toes curl and curl is what my toes did.

After the kiss had ended, we just smiled at each other. Words weren't needed, our bodies in an embrace was all that was needed. A minute or two passed and we parted, although reluctantly. A smile was still playing on our lips.

We started for the party that was awaiting my presence.

As we were walking towards the outskirts of the courtyard, a lit upstairs hallway caught my eye. It was a clear, full windowed hallway where students normally walk through to get to their classes. Tonight, no students were walking there. Instead of students, there were vampires walking across the hallway. You can tell with the way they strode forward that they weren't human. There were three of them walking in a line. Looking closely, I realized that Andrew was walking between these two vampires. It was Drew! This meant that the vampire council is planning on keeping Andrew at their

campus jail. This new lead may just help me save Drew.

Arriving at the super popular dormitory, you realize that they are filthy rich. This building, it wasn't a dormitory. It was a mansion, a mansion that resembled a castle. There's so much glamour in this area, it was almost too much to take at one time and that was when I haven't even stepped inside the dormitory!

As I stepped inside their mansion, it's apparent that the party has already been going on for a while. There was a dj in a corner but other than that, the whole house seemed full with vampires. They were dancing everywhere, they filled every corner of the area but they looked fabulous doing it.

Three steps into the house and the dancing mass of vampires stopped dancing. All heads turned towards my way. From their expressions, I saw speculation and confusion. I thought it may have been what they do when someone arrives to their party fashionably late but then Ryan came up to me. He bowed in front of me and kissed my right hand, all of this done

dramatically. Confusion sky rocketed, you could almost see it in the air. Murmurs arose and I caught pieces of their conversation.

“That’s the new vampire?”

“The cute pocket girl?”

“I heard she’s dating Logan.”

“I heard she was a lost princess!”

“Whoa, she’s sexy!”

“Wait, she smells human…”

With that last phrase muttered, the murmurs died down.

While all of this was happening, Logan and Ryan were smiling. They seemed like little boys who couldn’t wait to say what they know that others don’t. When the last of the murmurs was dead, Ryan continued with the dramatics.

“Welcome to the community, Andrea. We are glad to have you here.”

Applauding started and almost everybody was smiling. One dirty blonde girl walked up to us.

“We are indeed all happy to welcome you, Andrea, but I have a question I would like you to answer.” She waited for me to give her an indication to continue. Apparently my expression told her to go on. “Why do you smell so human? I’m sure that’s a question that everybody here is dying to know.”

Logan perked up to this question. He took it as his cue to take the spotlight.

“That’s because she’s a natural born vampire. If you guys have read about my great grandfather’s prophecy, you would know. Right now, we’re assuming that she’s in the process of turning into a vampire. She has already shown the signs of turning. I know that from far away, she smells like a delicious human but if you were close enough to her, you would be able to sense that she’s a vampire.”

The vampire girl seemed to take this as a sensible answer. She went back to the mass of bodies and the dancing continued. The music went up when I didn’t even know it had gone down.

I danced, laughed, and had fun on my first vampire party.

Every sense I had was alive. I was aware of everything, especially Logan and the bracelet he gave me, but I was also aware of the dancers. I just knew what was going on when you normally shouldn't. Something is different with the way I am sensing things. Something is changing.

About the Author

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